

1929

Bryn Mawr College Yearbook. Class of 1929

Bryn Mawr College. Senior Class

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THE BOOK
OF
1929



BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

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To
Helen Taft Manning
Dean of Bryn Mawr College

THE CLASS OF NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE
DEDICATES THIS BOOK





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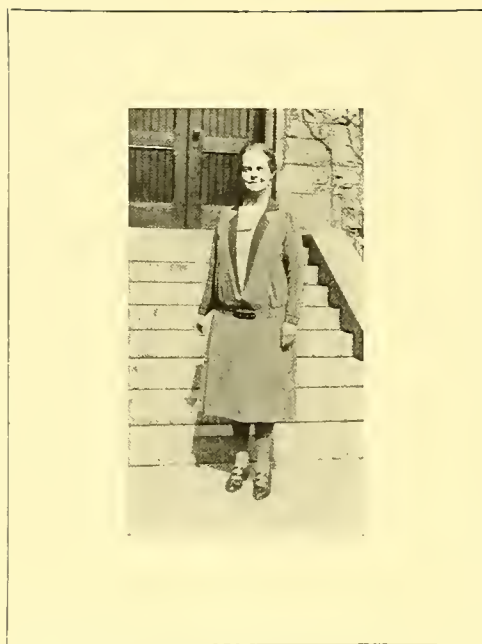
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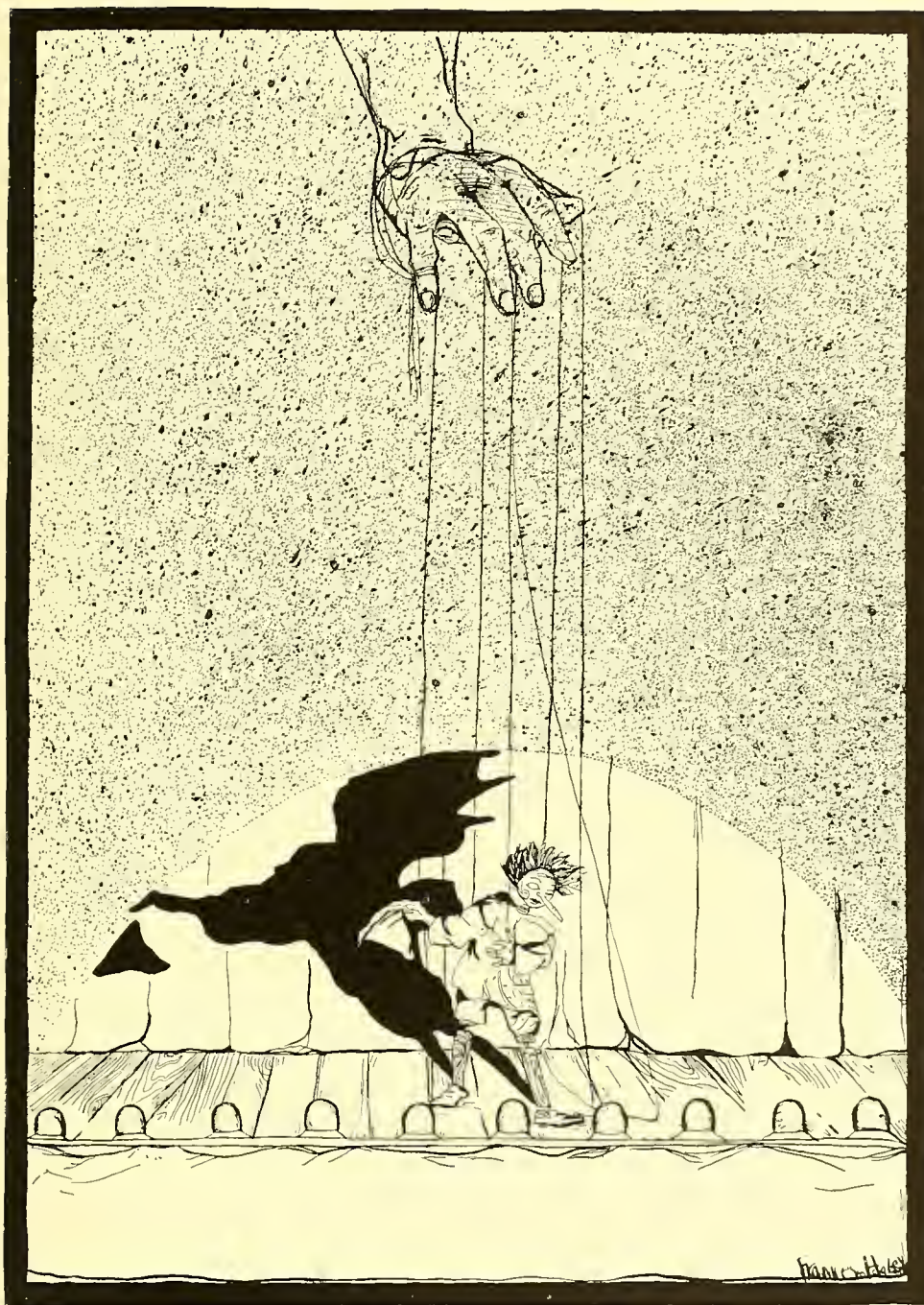
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Assistants

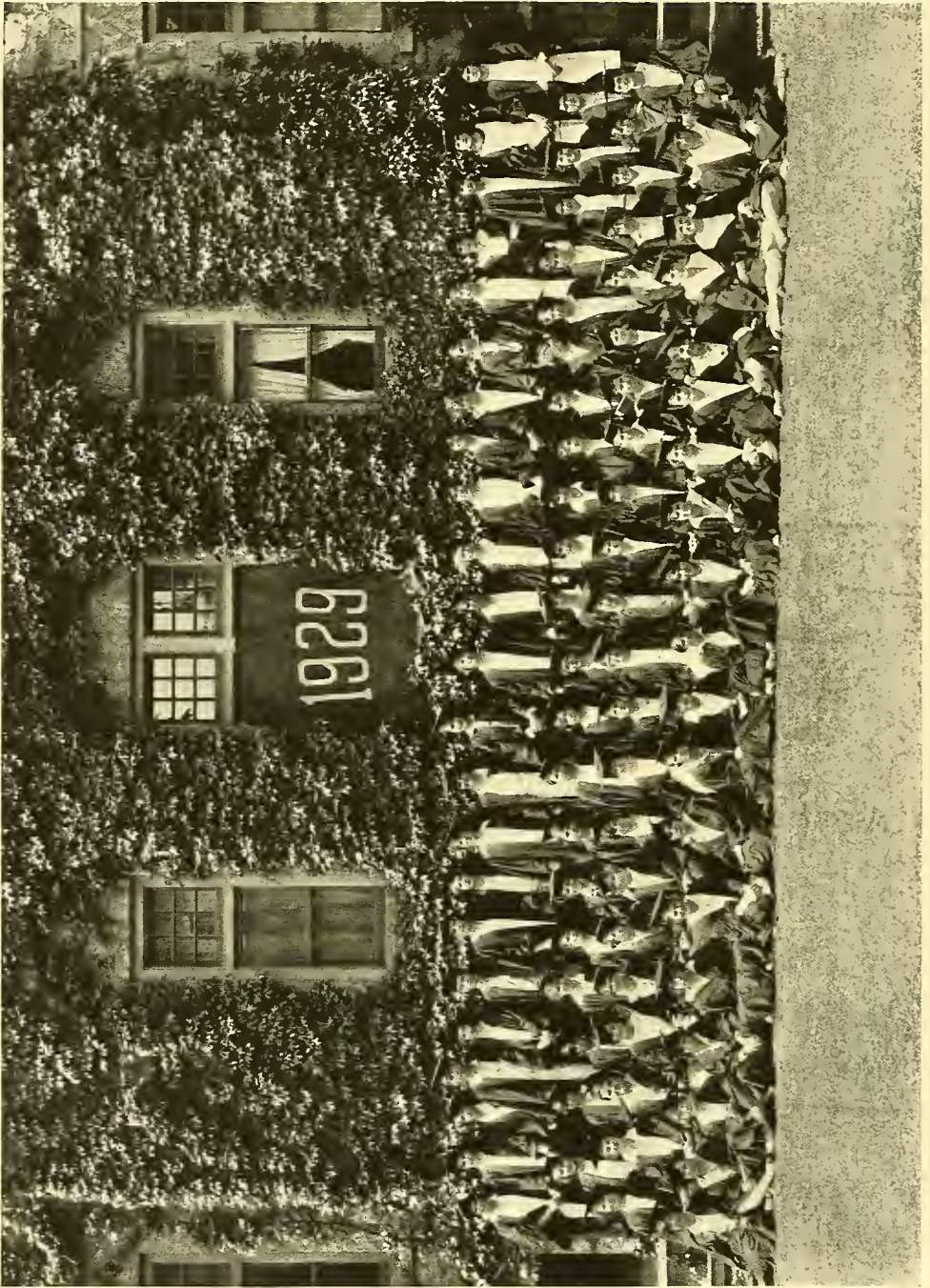
ECCLESTON MORAN

DORIS BLUMENTHAL





FRESHMAN



Class Officers 1925-1926

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SONG MISTRESS

PEGGY JAY



Four Bright Years

OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE

CHAPTER ONE

WHEN Taylor Tower hove in view the Rover girls set up the rousingest of cheers at the thought of being Freshmen at Bryn Mawr. The first adventure was a physical examination which proved something not quite so much fun; but it was soon over and they could look back on it and laugh. And you may be sure Miss Applebee laughed loudest of all, for she was a peach of a good sport and always saw to it that Bryn Mawr won the Hockey championship if anyone could.

The spirit that prevailed was wonderful. No door was too heavy for the Freshmen to hold open and they did it with a grin a mile long. Well, perhaps not quite a mile long, but an awfully long grin anyway. Everybody always went to all the hockey games, and a Huzza! for the team it was and with a will too. It was bully, just bully.

But college was not all fudge and skittles for these fun-loving girls. They must perforce sacrifice some of the girlish luxuries to which they were accustomed at home. No longer were they allowed the solace of an after-dinner cigarette, or a night-cap before going to bed. However, precisely across from the beautiful college domain lived a kindly gentleman named Mr. Jack who had donated his lovely garden to the use of the hard-working students. It was to this spot that they retired to soothe their jangled nerves with Lucky Strikes (advt.). When Miss Park finally announced that smoking would be permitted on the campus she was given a Greek cheer with nine sky-rockets on the end of it for her plucky statement. The students would do anything for Miss Park, Miss Park would do anything for the students, and the students would do anything for the students, and Miss Park would do anything for Miss Park. *There*, that clears that up and what a relief you may be sure.

Later in the autumn our healthy, nature-loving girls followed a hard and fast Freshman tradition and hiked all the long, long way to historic Valley Forge. This walk was rather a plucky thing to do and the folks at home might not have liked it very well, but the Freshmen of the best college in the world set their jaws and determined to be worthy of "Our Gracious Inspiration". They saw some very interesting cannons and climbed the look-out tower, and when they got home at last, you may be sure the canned beans and horse-meat and bad coffee tasted good to them after that long hike. And were there any complaints? I should say not, for the first girl to complain would get the much coveted banner taken away from her class. Her whole class, mind you, so you see that if one girl, just one girl, was naughty the whole class would have to suffer.

Then came Freshman Show, the jolliest lark of all. Even if all the girls do not graduate they will have gained a great, great deal of value out of their college days. They will have found Friendship. In this Freshman Show they learned to know each other, which was worth all the trouble and hardship in the world. It was simply great. They cheered and cheered the Juniors, their sister class, then the Juniors cheered them. The very nicest spirit prevailed always at Bryn Mawr. All the classes were like sisters in fact, and the grads too. It was just like one big family.

And so the first happy year ended, the most carefree of the four, and all the bright faces and girlish figures scattered for the summer.

Pooh Bear Thinks of a Hum in the Middle of
Dissecting a Dog-Fish

*Oh, I always want to tell
—Just between us two—
How the dogfish keep their smell,
No matter what you do.
Though you use formaldehyde
And wash them well inside,
It's a fact that since they died
They're turning into glue!*



SOPHOMORE



The charming Mrs. Howard Lee
(née Winifred Trask), practising her
wiles upon the great Disraeli



Two famous dancers caught by our photographer practising in the dew at an early hour for
their part in the "Gondoliers"

Class Officers

1926-1927

<i>President</i>	ELISABETH PERKINS
<i>Vice-President</i>	ALEXANDRA DALZIEL
<i>Secretary</i>	BARBARA CHANNING

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ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

<i>Secretary</i>	CARLA SWAN
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<i>Advisory Board</i>	BARBARA HUMPHREYS

THE LANTERN

Editorial Board

WINIFRED TRASK	HILDA WRIGHT
<i>Business Board</i>	MARY GESSNER

THE COLLEGE NEWS

Editorial Board

ELIZABETH LINN	KATHERINE BALCH
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Business Board

JANE BARTH	ROSAMOND CROSS
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SONG MISTRESS

BARBARA CHANNING

Four Bright Years

OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE

CHAPTER TWO

THE Rover Girls returned to college in the autumn full of tales of their experiences of the summer and of plans for the coming year. The first day of classes was a happy one. Rollicking voices echoed through the corridors, friends embraced friends, and even the somewhat grim old statues seemed to smile down benevolently on the merry throngs below. Bryn Mawr seemed just the nicest place ever to these girls after the four long months they had spent away following various pursuits.

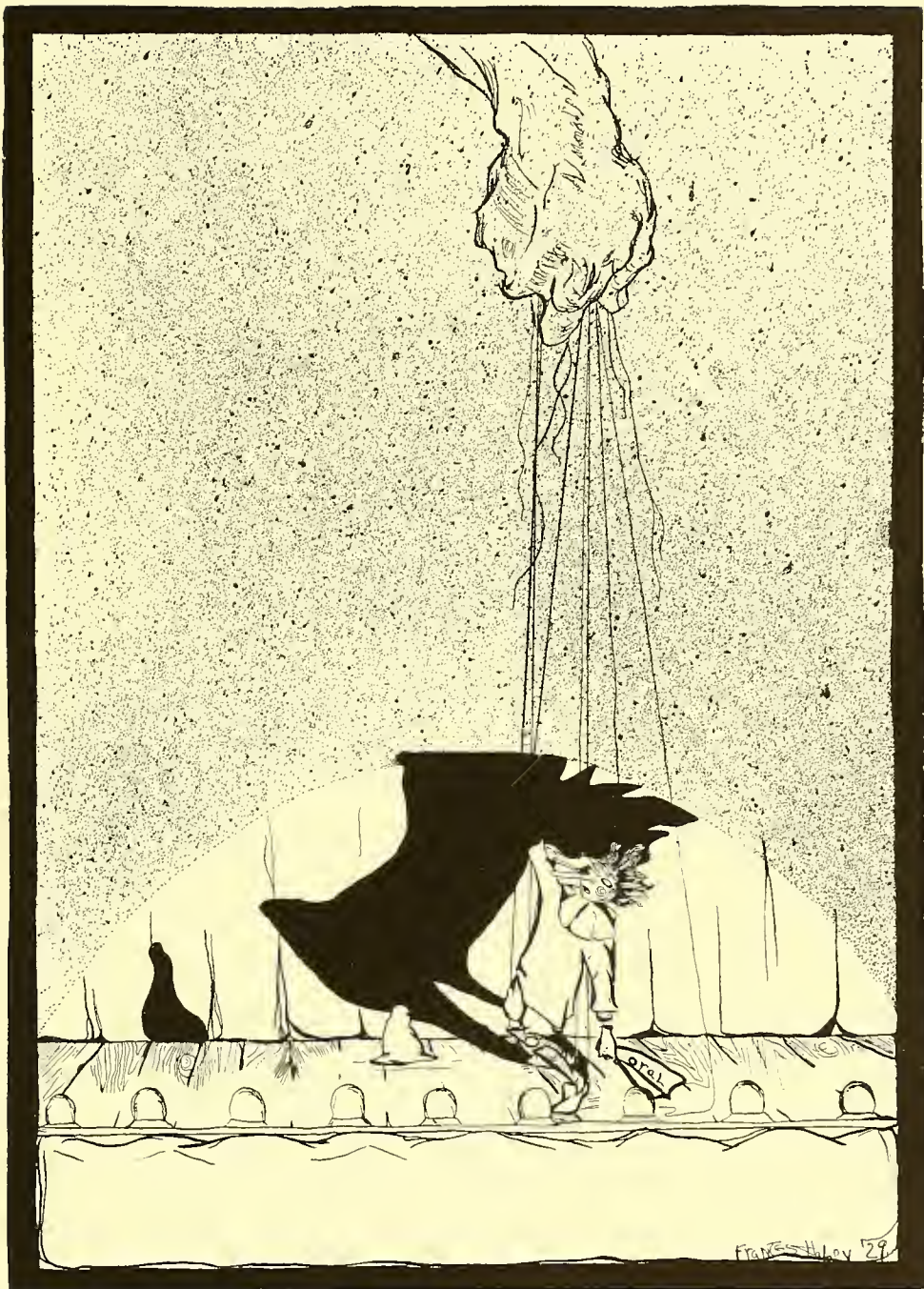
The first event of the year was Parade Night. For days beforehand the Sophomores "sleuthed", trying for the honor of the class to learn what the Freshman song was to be. But the Class of 1930 was too clever by half for them. The evening came and the whole college frolicked along beside the brass band brandishing torches aloft. One junior fell into a ditch that had carelessly been left uncompleted, and as she fainted from pain and shock she gasped out, "Save my C. A. girl!" This just goes to show the spirit that prevailed. When the Class of 1929 failed to get the Freshman song you would have thought they might show their disappointment. But not they. They just cheered more loudly than ever like the bully good sports they were, and trooped off to the new movie palace, the Seville. Not many girls have a nice movie to go to every night and you may be sure that the Rover girls made the most of their opportunity.

Soon our heroines settled down to their work and play. They were all earnest scholars and they spent long hours in the Library, or "Lib", as they jocosely termed it, searching through the stacks and browsing in the New Book Room. Often they would become so absorbed that the welcome cry of "Sandwiches!" would scarcely stir them. But you must not think that our girls had lost all their fun-loving nature. No, indeed. They were still always ready for any sort of jollification, and many were the larks and merry times that they had together. Often they would gather at the Inn for tea; and every evening they danced the Charleston in the corridor until the venerable rafters shook above them. Indeed their Warden often laughingly remarked that "they would bring the roof down."

As the winter wore on there came another great event. This was the dance the Sophomores gave for the Freshmen. It was an Apache dance and the great gymnasium was gaily decorated as the "underworld" of Paris. An uproariously good time was had by all, and everybody remarked afterwards that it was much more fun to dance with girls than with boys anyway.

As Spring came to the beautiful campus the students blossomed forth as gaily as the buds on the trees. Varicolored berets and rainbow-hued coolie coats made the college a veritable garden of lovely color. On Little May day the Rover girls were up betimes arranging May Baskets for the Seniors. They had spent days beforehand ranging through the fields in search of spring flowers, and such fun as they had singing "Awake Awake Oh Pretty Pretty Maid" to their sister class in the grey dawn.

The crowning joy of the year was the Garden Party. The Sophomores ran gleefully up and down stairs fetching chairs and vases, and if they bumped into anybody they just gave a cheer and picked up what they had dropped and went on their way. But there was sadness mingled with the joy. The Rover girls felt their eyes filling with tears at the thought of their Seniors actually graduating and leaving the college for good and all.



JUNIOR



One of our more prominent statesmen snapped in a leisure moment at his country estate, "Arcadia"

Sir Stephen of Trent looking a trifle sour due to having been jilted? the early hour? the heat?



Class Officers

1927-1928

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Vice-President ROSAMOND CROSS
Secretary KATHERINE COLLINS

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Treasurer CARLA SWAN

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Business Board JOSEPHINE VAN BUREN, GRACE DEROO

THE COLLEGE NEWS

Editorial Board

ELIZABETH LINN KATHERINE BALCH MARY GRACE
Business Board JANE BARTH, JULIA GARRETT

SONG MISTRESS

LAURA RICHARDSON

Four Bright Years

OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE

CHAPTER THREE

WHEN our girls returned to college to commence their Junior year they were no longer as carefree and rollicking as before. To tell the truth they felt the responsibilities of being upper classmen weighing upon them. All of them had tender consciences and they could never forget that they must now always set an example to the younger girls about them. And also they had become acquainted with some of the hard facts of life in Hygiene the spring before. They had come to realize the dark as well as the sunny side of life. In point of fact they were women now and no longer children.

As soon as they arrived they started right in to study for their German Oral although the ordeal was not to take place until spring. You may be sure they didn't grudge the time spent one bit, for the Dean had said it would help them with their Science and they felt she had about hit the nail on the head. They took their science very seriously and many were the long hours spent in the great bare Laboratory. The dogfish was quite a novelty for them. Indeed the sight of a dogfish was something terrific, but the Rover girls didn't mind, they just gave it a cheer and looked some more. No college can fail with such students.

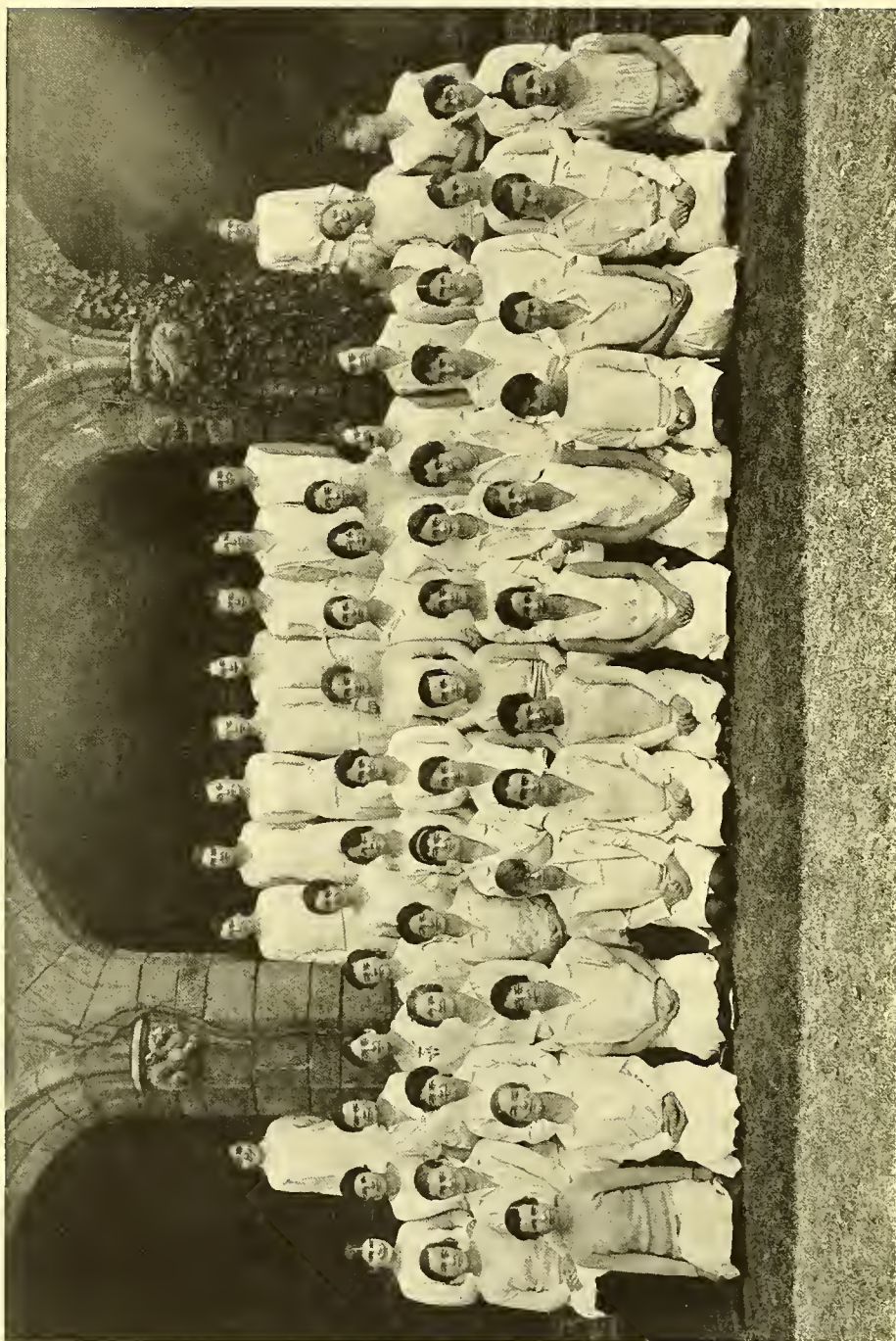
But it was not all work and no play for our little women. They spent many happy evenings together in the smoking room, listening earnestly to fine music on the gramophone and ardently discussing the philosophy of Gundelfinger and other leading writers of the day. Too, they found Bridge a great relaxation after a hard day of work, for their keen minds took delight in a game that required skill as well as "luck".

Throughout the winter the thoughts of all the students were on the great event of the year, for this was the year of Big May Day. All their spare moments were spent in preparation for this occasion. Such fun as they had one night making paper flowers. Everyone pitched in with a will and by ten-thirty the flowers were finished to the tune of "Frankie and Johnnie". Then they all began to dance the 29th of May in the show-case. And so it went—cheer after cheer ringing through the hall until someone who had gone to bed opened her door and cried, "For God's sake shut up!" And you may be sure they shut up and with a will too, like the good sports that everyone is—or are.

The red-letter day finally arrived. For several days beforehand it had rained "cats and dogs" and the spirits of all the students were a bit below par. *The* day dawned bright and fair, however, and it almost seemed to the girls as though Providence was watching over them. The Rover girls jumped from their beds and speedily donned their Elizabethan costumes. They clapped their hands with joy when they saw the sun peeping in at them. Very early in the day crowds of spectators began to arrive and soon the beautiful campus in its mantle of spring was thronged. Then the festivities began. Groups of graceful girlish figures danced Old English dances on the Green, and plays were given in various parts of the grounds, and the most beautiful girl in college was crowned May Queen amidst ringing applause. The day wore to an end and all our girls, tired as they were, agreed that it had been just the happiest day of their lives. Cheer after cheer pealed out for the College, for the President, and in point of fact for almost everything. It was with radiant faces that they finally retired to their well-earned rest.



SENIOR



Class Officers

1928-1926

<i>President</i>	NANCY WOODWARD
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<i>Secretary</i>	KATHERINE COLLINS

SELF-GOVERNMENT ASSOCIATION

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<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH FRY
<i>Executive Board</i>	BARBARA CHANNING

BRYN MAWR LEAGUE

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<i>Social Service</i>	KATHERINE COLLINS

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA FAIN
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Vice-President

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<i>Head Usher</i>	MARGARET PATTERSON
<i>Varsity Dramatics</i>	ANNABEL LEARNED

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<i>Editorial Board</i>	BARBARA CHANNING, ANNABEL LEARNED
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SONG MISTRESS

DORIS BLUMENTHAL



Four Bright Years

OR THE ROVER GIRLS COME TO COLLEGE

CHAPTER FOUR

THE Rover girls were greeted upon their return to college for their Senior year by the sad news of Euclio's death. "There is no pal like a dog," said Dean Manning, speaking in chapel on Monday, October 9th, "but we must carry on." And everyone felt that she had about hit the nail on the head that time.

Another blow was in store for them, however. "Positively *no* required athletics for upper classmen!" said Miss Petts sternly, so the poor Seniors looked with longing eyes at the delightful classes in Body Building, Sun Baths, and Foot Mechanics, and had perforce to be content with Football, Baseball, Hockey, Basketball, Tennis, Water Polo, Swimming, and Hare and Hounds, and they were awfully plucky about it too.

This was the year of the Presidential Election and being good healthy-minded American girls they were all naturally very much excited. Everybody "took sides" with a great deal of enthusiasm, for patriotic feeling was so strong in the college that a girl who "sat on the fence" would have been "sent to Coventry" at once. There were torchlight parades and rallies with speeches and a brass band to play "The Sidewalks of New York". Indeed the quiet little college hummed with life and became as busy as some great political center. Such fun as was had shouting "All for Al and Al for All" and then cheering for Hoover and Norman Thomas and even Will Rogers. Nobody cared who was elected just so long as somebody was. But all the same our tender-hearted girls felt very badly when Al Smith bowed to defeat. Full of girlish sympathy they immediately sent him a telegram saying "Don't eat your heart out Al we are still with you signed the Rover girls." On Election Day itself everyone was allowed to go home to vote whether they lived two thousand miles away or not, but of course no one wanted to. One girl, however, went out to Portland, Oregon, and did the college authorities mind? Not they!

Owing to the influenza epidemic Miss Park said everyone could spend Christmas at college if they wanted to and you can bet your grandfather's whiskers they stayed. Of course everyone was dying to catch a "common cold", but no one did. Even at this happy season, however, the Infirmary was not empty for there was one poor girl suffering from a bad case of "alcoholic poisoning". She burned herself with a candle on Christmas Eve and the alcohol she used with quick forethought as a disinfectant turned out to be poisonous and so she was poisoned. But she received loving care and many sympathetic notes. All the other girls had a lovely time. They bestowed little gifts on one another, each chosen with tender affection, for they all agreed that it wasn't the gift so much as the spirit that counted, and their spirits were wonderful. Such whoopee as they made and how the campus resounded with singing and cheering on this holiday occasion!

Gradually the year wore away. Every day was filled to overflowing with happy moments of work and play. For the last time our girls lay out on the hillside in the spring sunshine and tanned their slender limbs. The thought of leaving

the calm and sheltered haven of college for the hurly-burly of life in the great world was quite overwhelming to them. Often as they sat in class briskly taking notes their eyes would fill with tears, and many were the loving looks and embraces bestowed between these tender-hearted girls so soon to be parted. Garden Party came and went. This was a red-letter day and all the girls had just the jolliest time ever. All sorrow was forgotten on this gala occasion when fond friends and relatives flocked from near and far to do honor to their dear ones. They all remarked afterwards upon what a lovely scene the campus was, with the slim girlish figures in dainty frocks receiving under the verdant old trees and happy laughter resounding from all sides.

Last of all came Graduation. Very solemnly our girls paced up to the platform to receive their hard-earned diplomas from their beloved "Prexy". Sounds of suppressed sobbing filled the great auditorium during the farewell address and as the students arose to leave they were almost all unaffectedly wiping away the tears. Thus the Rover Girls' college career was ended. Four bright and happy years had been passed in the shelter of the cloisters. Now they were to embark on the great sea of life to do a woman's noble work in the world. Of which more anon.

Growing Pains

When your neck is stiff from telescopic gaze;
When your nitric acid terminates in haze;
When you've failed to crack a rock,
Or produce electric shock,
Just remember that you seek a Cosmic Phase.

When your Combinations never permutate;
When the Tactile Values fail to emanate;
When you're sick of Revolutions
And of Simian evolutions,
Just remember it's the Sphinx you emulate.

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. No. 1

Agraphia (to Alexia coming out of Geology quiz)—"How do you feel?"
Alexia—"A bit rocky!"



ATHLETICS



Athletics, 1925-1926

HOCKEY

Won by 1926

J. PORTER, *Captain*
B. FREEMAN
C. PARKER
A. DALZIEL

R. WILLS
C. SWAN
B. HUMPHREYS
K. BALCH

E. BOYD
N. WOODWARD
G. QUIMBY

On Varsity—B. FREEMAN

Substitutes on Varsity—J. PORTER, A. DALZIEL, C. PARKER

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1929

E. BRYANT, *Captain*
R. BRYANT

A. DALZIEL
C. PARKER
E. MORAN

R. WILLS
J. ESHNER

College Record broken by E. BRYANT and R. BRYANT

WATER POLO

A. DALZIEL, *Captain*
E. BRYANT

R. WILLS
J. ESHNER
P. JAY

E. BOYD
H. GARRETT

GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1927

C. PARKER, *Captain*
C. SWAN
B. FREEMAN

R. BRYANT
E. BRYANT
R. WILLS

E. FRIEND
P. JAY
F. HALEY

LACROSSE

Tie between 1927 and 1928

H. SCOTT, *Captain*
S. BRADLEY
C. SWAN
B. FREEMAN

C. HENRY
J. PORTER
J. BECKET
C. SPEER

B. HUMPHREYS
E. FORMAN
C. SARGENT
A. MERCER

TRACK MEET

Won by 1927

C. SWAN, *Captain*
J. PORTER
R. WILLS
E. BRYANT

C. PARKER
H. SCOTT
E. FRIEND
A. DALZIEL

R. BRYANT
E. MORAN
B. FREEMAN
E. POE

BASKETBALL

Won by 1926

E. POE, *Captain*
B. FREEMAN

A. DALZIEL
J. PORTER

P. JAY
C. SWAN
E. BOYD

TENNIS

Won by 1926

C. SWAN, *Captain*
L. JAY

E. POE
F. HAND

C. PARKER

FENCING

Won by 1926

C. PARKER

S. FITZGERALD

R. YERKES

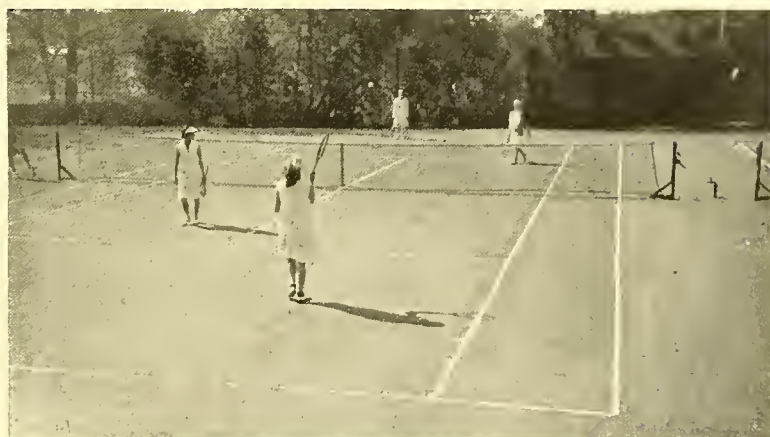
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M. BARBER, *Captain*

M. WILLIAMS

M. BAILEY

V. GENDELL



1926-1927

HOCKEY

Tie 1927 and 1929

J. PORTER, *Captain*
B. FREEMAN
R. WILLS
N. WOODWARD

A. DALZIEL
B. HUMPHREYS
K. BALCH
C. SWAN

E. BOYD
G. QUIMBY
R. BRYANT

On Varsity—J. PORTER

Substitutes on Varsity—E. BOYD, B. FREEMAN, R. WILLS

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1929

R. WILLS, *Captain*
E. BRYANT
R. BRYANT

A. DALZIEL
J. ESHNER
E. MORAN

V. BUEL
S. BRADLEY
L. MORGANSTERN

TENNIS

Tie—1927, 1929, 1930

C. SWAN
E. POE

F. HAND
B. HUMPHREYS

C. PARKER

GYMNASIUM MEET

Won by 1928

R. WILLS, *Captain*
E. BRYANT
R. BRYANT

E. FRIEND
B. FREEMAN
A. DALZIEL

C. SWAN
F. HALEY
A. MERCER

BASKETBALL

Won by 1930

B. FREEMAN, *Captain*
R. WILLS

A. DALZIEL
E. POE

J. PORTER
E. BOYD

LACROSSE

Won by 1928

S. BRADLEY, *Captain*
C. HENRY
J. BECKET
R. CROSS

A. DALZIEL
B. FREEMAN
B. HUMPHREYS
E. PACKARD

J. PORTER
C. SWAN
A. MERCER
B. SHIPLEY



1927-1928

HOCKEY

Won by 1928

E. BOYD, *Captain*
R. WILLS
B. FREEMAN
K. BALCH

C. SWAN
B. HUMPHREYS
E. FRIEND
N. WOODWARD

G. QUIMBY
E. PACKARD
E. UFFORD

On Varsity—R. WILLS, B. FREEMAN, K. BALCH

WATER POLO

Won by 1928

E. BOYD, *Captain*
R. BRYANT
C. SWAN

B. FREEMAN
R. WILLS
V. BUEL

S. BRADLEY
E. MORAN

BASKETBALL

Won by 1931

B. FREEMAN, *Captain*
E. POE

E. BOYD
C. SWAN

B. HUMPHREYS
R. WILLS

On Varsity—B. FREEMAN, E. POE

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1929

R. WILLS, *Captain*
R. BRYANT

V. BUEL
E. MORAN
L. MORGANSTERN

A. MERCER
S. BRADLEY

TENNIS

C. SWAN, *Captain*

F. HAND

E. POE

B. HUMPHREYS





1928-1929

HOCKEY

Won by 1932

E. BOYD, *Captain*
R. WILLS
B. FREEMAN
K. BALCH

C. SWAN
B. HUMPHREYS
N. WOODWARD
E. PACKARD

G. QUIMBY
R. CROSS
S. BRADLEY

On Varsity—R. WILLS, B. FREEMAN, K. BALCH

TENNIS

C. SWAN, *Captain*

F. HAND

E. HUMPHREYS

E. POE

SWIMMING MEET

Won by 1931

R. WILLS, *Captain*
A. MERCER

E. MORAN
M. PALMER

BASKETBALL

Won by 1931

B. FREEMAN, *Captain*
J. BARTH

B. HUMPHREYS
C. HENRY

C. SWAN
K. BALCH

Blazers

YELLOW BLAZER, COLLEGE INSIGNIA

CARLA SWAN

REBECCA WILLS

BETTIE FREEMAN

YELLOW BLAZER

ELIZA BOYD

CLASS BLAZER AND INSIGNIA

REBECCA BRYANT

KATHERINE BALCH

BARBARA HUMPHREY

CLASS BLAZER

M. BARBER

R. BIDDLE

S. BRADLEY

V. BUEL

R. CROSS

J. GARRET

C. HENRY

A. MERCER

E. MORAN

E. PACKARD

E. POE

G. QUIMBY

E. UFFORD

M. L. WILLIAMS

N. WOODWARD

H. WRIGHT

F. HALEY



GYMNASTIC REGRESSION



EIGHT LITTLE GIRLS WENT TO GYM ONE DAY,
ONE CHEWED GUM; THE APPLE SAID SHE NEEDN'T STAY.



SEVEN LITTLE GIRLS STEPPED FORTH ON THE FLOOR
ONE HAD HIGH HEELS; SHE WAS PUSHED OUT THE DOOR.



SIX LITTLE GIRLS ALL READY FOR THE CLASS
ONE WORE A BERET: "YOU MAY LEAVE, YOU SILLY ASS!"



FIVE LITTLE GIRLS WERE LISTENING FOR THE MUSIC
ONE WAS SENT AWAY BECAUSE SHE USED LIPSTICK.



FOUR LITTLE GIRLS TRYING HARD TO LOOK ALERT
ONE GLIPPED OUT HASTILY: SHE WORE A T-SHIRT.



THREE LITTLE GIRLS STOOD WITH THEIR KNEES KNOCKING
ONE OF THEM WAS FIRED FOR WEARING A BROWN STOCKING.



TWO LITTLE GIRLS NOW WERE QUAKING WITH FEAR
ONE WORE WHITE SNEAKERS; APPLE SAID "YOU CAN'T STAY HERE."



ONE LITTLE GIRL LEFT ALONE TO DANCE THE PEASCOB
AND SHE WAS BLOWN TO SMITHEREENS BECAUSE THE NUMBER WAS ODD

Advt.

WARNING

This Soviet propaganda is very insidious. It creeps, and creeps, and creeps. It is the modern method of advertising which is so deceptive and so dangerous. Why we could tell you stories of young girls—but after all we guess we won't. Anyway we have a sneaking feeling that this page is a gross wolf masked in the curly coat of a little white lamb. It was sold to us as literature, but occasionally we felt an undercurrent of commercialism. Remember we warned you, and there is absolutely no guarantee attached.

* * * *

Advt..

Advt.

LYRIC

If you want to go to Europe
(In an inexpensive way),
And you'd like a handsome hero,
(A new one every day)
SEE YOUR NEAREST CAMPUS AGENT
(AND GO S.T.C.A.)

If you want to study finance,
Say to Father—"COME ACROSS".
If it's Art, the Dance, or Music,
Ask your Mother—(it's no loss).
Get that reservation early,
DON'T STAND WAVERING ON THE PIER!
It's exclusively for college
(And the Captain is a DEAR!)

Think of all those lovely life-boats
On a bright sunshiny day;
Of all those genteel gentlemen
(Beneath the Milky Way).
OH I MEAN! WE'RE OFF TO EUROPE
(AND WE GO S.T.C.A.).

* * * *

Advt.

Advt.

PARAGRAPH IN PRAISE OF PRACTICALLY NOTHING, OR CONFESSIONS
OF A COLLEGE WORKING GIRL

People told me that working girls were happy. I took a chance. Happy, happy, who is happy? I am a bit crazed by my purging experience. And sobered. I want a sympathetic hand. You see, my problem was to get girls to go abroad the only way, S.T.C.A. Europe—country of universal appeal, where the old world meets the new! If you don't go you will have to hear about everyone else's trip, until you do go, when you can again usurp the conversation. But when you

do, buy your tickets from Mary Lambert, 42 Pem East (advt.). What more good clean fun could you have than in S.T.C.A.? (And dirty too, if you are that kind, which we hope no one in this college is.) But my metier—you see how knitted into my spirit the lingo is. These phrases have been the secret of my success; how can I abandon them now?

Such was my rhetoric that I won over the English department completely. Or was it the charm of my contagious grin? I doubt it, as I have since heard it had grown quite twisted from long hours of salesmanship practice before a distorted college looking-glass, and was conducive only to terror. It must have been my limpid language which persuaded 3.1416 (= pi, what one should do in bridge, bidding with only a two of one's partner's suit) anyway, three professors to buy passages. My eloquence had its drawbacks: I was so enthusiastic about the economy of the trip that they thought the \$30.00 deposit was the entire fare and arrived at the dock with no more money. I couldn't disillusion them at that late date, and so made up the deficit myself. I'm sure they are planning to sail every summer for thirty dollars. How embarrassing for them! But how much more embarrassing for me—financially speaking, of course.

Then the *best* movie came down here, my dear, you mustn't miss it! Such *pash*, my dear, have you *never* beheld!! After its production one hundred and five (105) girls signed up to sail. Quickly I figured out what I would make in commissions (I'm good *at* figures) and bought a fascinating garden-party dress. *Triste dictu!* (for translation see Miss Swindler) they discovered that the movie had a plot (imperceptible to the naked eye—even with a microscope) and that the kisses were premeditated and not just Kodaked as they went. They withdrew their applications—but I had bought the dress. These same girls were discovered in the Art Sem looking up Mr. Volendam, thinking that the S.T.C.A. posters were examples of modern art that Miss King had put up. How can one do anything at college with the present mental capacity what it is? Why, some people actually think the tubs are dirty, when obviously it is the water-manufacturers who put brown pigment in the water to make tubs *look* dirty, so you will need more water to clean them out. But we fool them here. No one ever attempts to clean out her tub. Because I had not sold a passage at the end of the season the New York office made me buy fifteen tickets and give a house-party. Next year I am planning to peddle near-beer and hair-pins, or start a notion-counter under Juno or sub rosa or something. My debts must be paid back. But the S.T.C.A. really is a sure-fire proposition, a double-barrelled gold-mine. Just sign on the dotted line and think of a bluebird and be a little soldier. However, don't let me influence you. I am just a working girl after all. (advt.)

Advt.

Advt.

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. No. 2

Agraphia—"Don't you think college life is broadening?"

Alexia—"Not with the kind of food they give us here!"



Forgotten Gods

A DRAMA

Scene—The attic of Taylor Hall, under what was once the vaulted roof of the old chapel.

Characters—Busts of Juno, Pericles, and the Young Augustus. In one corner, upside down, The Singing Boys of Donatello persist in their chorus, though choked with dust.

Properties—Spider-webs, overturned pedestals, fragments of broken marbles.

THE DIALOGUE

JUNO: This is the haunt of gods forgotten,
Blackened idols and faiths grown rotten;
This is the place where gods are flung to
That once were sacrificed and sung to.

PERICLES: You ought to be used to *Attic* ways,
Have you forgotten the good old days?

JUNO: I am making no complaints of the Periclean Era.
Though they winked at Aphrodite, they burnt offerings to
Hera.

PERICLES: Hey, no fair! You changed the metre.
I see you're still the same old cheater.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS: Just like a woman, *sic semper*;
Always trying to the temper.

JUNO: What! Insults from you too, Brute?

YOUNG AUGUSTUS: You got the wrong decade, cutie.

JUNO: Is *this* the younger generation?
Are *these* the manners of an upstart nation?

PERICLES: As a matter of fact, my August Patron,
Homer called you a cross old matron.

JUNO: Well, let it pass, boys will be boys.
Rome and Athens are children's toys,
And what is the use of this dispute
When even the pipes of Pan are mute?
Let us join in cursing the present.

YOUNG AUGUSTUS: Yes, that would be much more pleasant.

PERICLES: Look what they've done to Taylor Hall,
Look at the way they've treated us all!

YOUNG AUGUSTUS: We, who were there for the Sermon Sunday,
And present again at Chapel on Monday,
We, who listened to all the speeches,
Hymns and readings, choir screeches.

PERICLES: *We're* in an attic, but tell me, pray,
Where did they throw the old C. A.?

JUNO: We, who presided in all the halls
On unsubstantial pedestals.
We who endured without complaint,
Having our faces smeared with paint,
Red on our lips, and ink in our eyes—
PERICLES: Convenient perches for the flies.

(At this point the singing boys break into song)

SINGING BOYS: Heavy-eyed and dusty throated,
Rudely banished and un-noted,
Upside down we keep on singing,
Don't you hear our voices ringing?

JUNO: Just listen to those singing boys.
Someone ought to stop their noise.
Jupiter's curses on all young ladies,
Bryn Mawr College is worse than Hades,
Sticking a goddess into an attic,
With singing statues making static.

PERICLES: Who ever heard of Donatello?

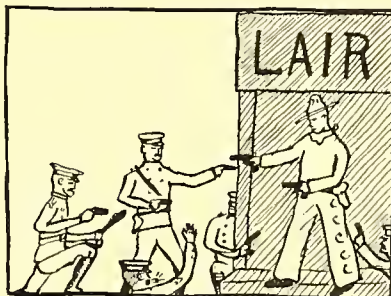
YOUNG AUGUSTUS: The lions ought to have had that fellow.

THE SINGING BOYS
(ecstatically):

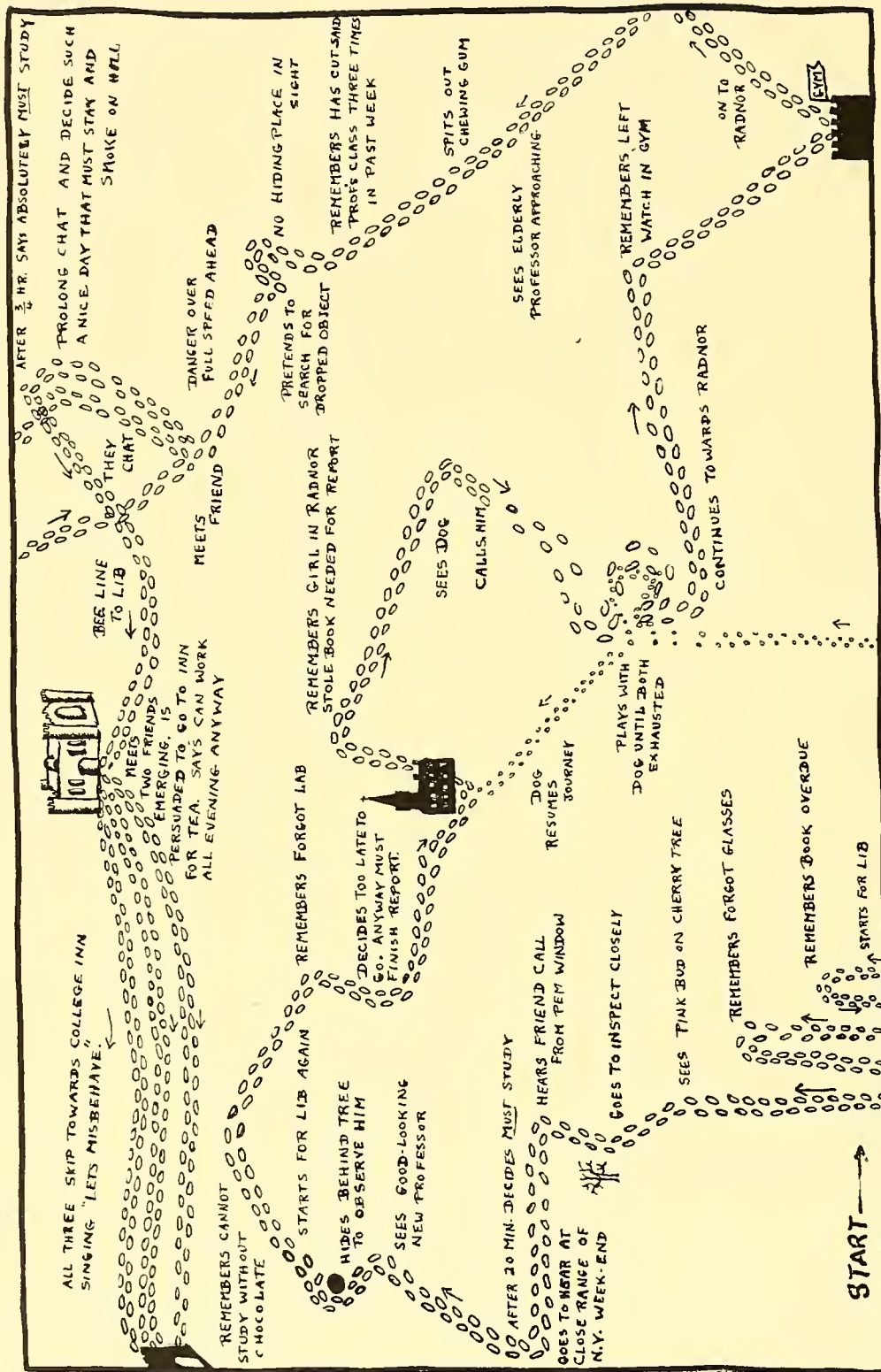
We're Donatello's singing boys,
We're *never* going to stop our noise.
Marble voices never tire.
Don't you think we're a marvellous choir?
Down with the gods of pagan men.
A-a-a-men!

HEADLINE IN PHILADELPHIA PAPER

"Billy" Smith Arrested on Lottery Charge—14 Policemen Seize Notorious Gangster in his Lair.



And they say the academic life is effeminating. It must be the Texas blood.



FOOTPRINTS IN THE SANDS OF TIME

Conscientious student sets out immediately after lunch to spend the entire afternoon studying in the Library

Annie Laurie's Confidential Column of Advice to the Love-Lorn

(ANSWERS MAILED UNDER PLAIN COVER ON RECEIPT OF STAMPED ENVELOPE
AND DOCTOR'S CERTIFICATE)

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young fellow anxious to go on the stage. How can I improve my voice as I suffer from lax tip and also stutter a little? I am eighteen years old, five feet five inches tall. How much should I weigh? People laugh at me and call me a runt. If only I were two inches taller. Can you suggest any exercises to increase my height? I am very popular with the girls but my Art to me is wonderful, passing the love of women, and I don't want to form any dangerous liaisons. Do you think I am right? Is it bad form to eat peas with your knife?

A YOUNG ASPIRATE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a stranger in this city and know very few people. A few months ago I met a very fascinating man a bit older than I am, who has the reputation of being quite gay. Is there any harm in my going to the movies with him occasionally? I don't know the conventions of this locality in regard to young folks of opposite sexes. He seems to like me but I don't know how far I should let him go. He always wants me to kiss him good-night. Tell me, is there anything wrong in that? I am always meeting him by chance in the most out-of-the-way places. Coincidence is a wonderful thing don't you think? People are beginning to talk a little, though. Should I encourage his advances or not?

ENGLISH PRIMROSE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

The most amazing passion possesses me. I am experiencing an older woman's love for a pure, chaste boy. He is clerk in a drug store, and is really rather sweet, although he doesn't pay any attention to me. I am of medium size with brown hair and eyes and a good figger; red-hot as it ware. How can I win his love? Should I speak to him first or is that too risquey? I don't want to wallow in sin. I fear I must stop as the bell has tolled.

LONELY LUCY.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl, all white and twenty-one—I have a reading knowledge of French and German, a red blazer, and a white dress and black shoes and stockings. I can make paper flowers, vibrate my ds, and appreciate tactile values. Will you tell me whether I will be grey at forty, whether I can consistently overdraw my bank-account, and whether I can be a success teaching elements of law to Republicans.

Waiting, I remain

XXIX.

DEAR XXIX:

Your case is hopeless.

ANNIE LAURIE.

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE:

I am a young girl of middle height which have been going with fellows since an early age, but none has affected me like this last fellow. I have been running with him a long time, and he has never mentioned marriage. How can I arrange this? Should the girl propose? Please help me, Annie Laurie—I have had practically every experience a woman could have, but this is a new problem for me. What are my colors? Also what is the difference between adultery and prostitution?

Anxiously,

FLORENTINE.

DEAR LITTLE FLORENTINE:

You sound very attractive, and I see no reason why your young man should hold back. No, girls don't actually propose, but isn't there a subtler way of "giving him a helping hand"? Maybe your young man is timid, or maybe you are not letting him see your real qualities. Men do not like women who are "arty" or "intellectual". Just be your sweet natural self and he will soon come 'round. And good luck to you, Florentine.

ANNIE LAURIE.

P. S. Colors—Black, black and white, white and black, white.

In Memoriam

MINOR ENGLISH: CHAUCER

1927-28

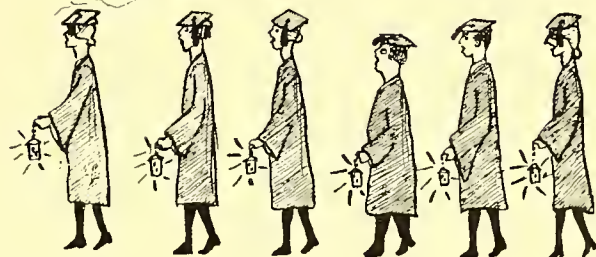
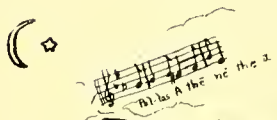
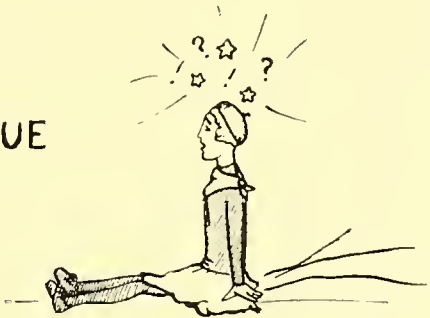
*Ther joined us, after a lytel space,
A sely scholard with a lengthy face.
His narwe hede wagged on his nekke,
And haire whyte his polle did bedekke.
Whoe'er shold venture peep into his mouthe
Wold loke in vain for semblaunce of a toothe.
His eyen straunge rollten in his heed
As it attached by a sclendre threed,
And lyk to fallen gruf beneath his fete.
A few ther were who founde his discourse swete,
For he spak ay in praise of courtly love;
To teres was the Prioressse y-move.
He swore he loved so our companye
That he wold telle of hem until he dye.
(And eke have I no cause, in very sothe,
To thinke that he hath broken of his oathe.)
His gown of sable recched to his feet,
As was for sic a lerned scholard meet.
He rode a frisky steed, by Goddes bones,
That lyke was to throw him for the nones.
This sely pelerin the pleasure marr'd
Of everichoon, and highte Abelard.*

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. NO. 3

Agraphia—"Is your little sister going to go to college when she finishes school?"
Alexia—"No, she's going to Vassar."

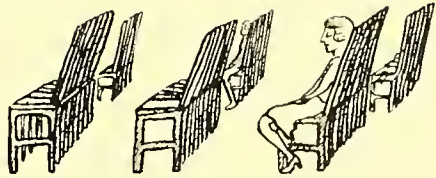
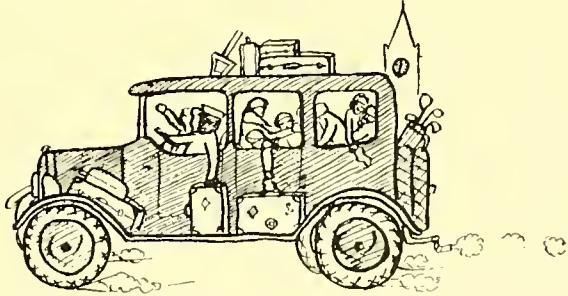
Freshman Discovers That There *is* Art
in Daily Life After All

TACTILE VALUE



THE
SINGING
LINE

SPACE
COMPOSITION



SPIRITUAL
SIGNIF-
ICANCE

Contributions for the Cram Book

(For the help of freshmen and all others in any way distressed)

Bryn Mawr College Collegiate (oh very) Examination.

The History of the Art. Time (see Einstein on Relativity).

1. Compare Norman Thomas and St. Francis of Assisi as to:
 - (a) Charm
 - (b) Chastityand (c) Tactile value
2. What had Rubens and Simone Martini in common, and how common was it?
3. Does a stupa occur simultaneously with a Bhodisattva, and if so which is likely to occur again?
4. What is a primitive and the virtues thereof?
Ditto a sugar-daddy.

* * *

I Year Geology. Time (geologic of course).

1. If a convivial plain lost its profile in maturity how much would it have to be uplifted to regain the contour of youth?
2. If a laccolith intruded on a beautifully exposed country rock stewing in its batholith, what would be the result?
3. If me—and—er girl friend found a twin bedding plane on a field trip should I esker then or later?

* * *

Minor (in fact damned petty) History. Time, 3 Hours 10 Seconds is the record

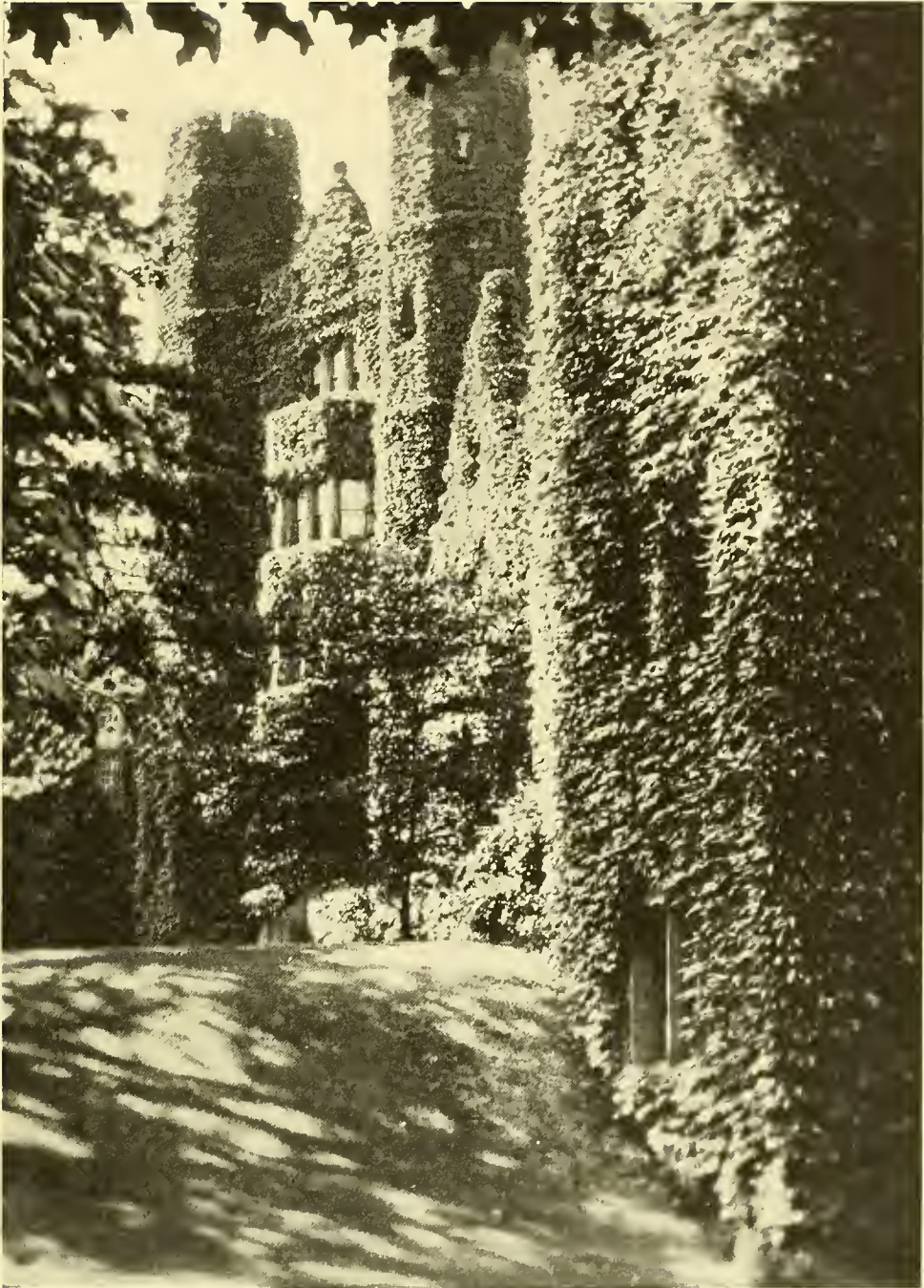
1. Discuss the relative merits of the stranglehold and the slip-noose as to efficacy, in the deaths of the Princes in the Tower, Cardinal Wolsey, and others too numerous to mention.
2. What significance had the famous slogan "slip one—purl one" in the French Revolution.

Hint: cf. Mme. LaFarge

3. Compare Henry VIII and Edward VI in regard to wives, physical development, and disposition.
4. Who and at what date conquered England? What else did William of Normandy do in 1066?
5. Parse the Magna Carta, and discuss it as a figure of speech.

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. NO. 4

Agraphia (in Bi. Lab.)—"Oh, Dr. Schrader, my brain is terrible but my ovaries are fine!"





KAMPUS



KALEIDOSCOPE

Our Own Oral

PRIZES, PREMIUMS AND COUPONS GALORE

Try out your reading knowledge of German on these and win a silver-plated percolator or a gilded lily! Get up in the big money class! Don't always let others push ahead of you! Write today and insure swift delivery!

SIGHT PASSAGE

"DIE SCHONSTE LENGEVITCH"

(With Apologies to K. M. S.)

Es ist ein hoffnungslose Job,
So schön sprechen lernen tun.
Ich vibrate die Uvula,
Aber viel gut tut das nun!
Und Bells, Bells, Bells, Bells waile'
So mit wunderschön Vibration,
Bis ich hoffe, dass ich habe
Nun zu sprechen a Foundation.
"Zebra-footed, ostrich-thighed"
Ist nicht das ein schönes Wort?
Aber "hugged'st, curbed'st, sobbed'st"—
Hab' kein Use für solche Sort!
"Gott, ein Barbarism! schreit er.
Morose Knirschen mit den Zähnen!
Weisst nicht, dass Du tust die Sprache
Shakespeare's und der Bibel stainen?
Wenn Du ekelhafte Noise
An die Atmosphere projeckst,
Weisst Du nicht— mit solchen Lärmen,
Du die Sieben Schläfer weckst?
Es würde machen krank ein Owl
Wenn er mal hört dein 'Vitiated Vowel'."
"Na, wenn ich teutonic rede,
So kommt es mir natürlich zu,
Wenn es den Hodcarrier nicht stört
Soll ich mich troubeln lassen nu?"

SUMMARY PASSAGE

Es hat die Dean ein Rule gemacht,	Bis plötzlich in der Mitte denkt
Beim Freshmann-Show, da darf kei' Mann	Sie, "Nu, beim Backenbart der Katze,
Zugegen sein. Sie sagt' es selbst	Wie hab' ich selbst mei Rule gebroke!"
Ganz solemn und wir glaubten's dann.	Und macht dazu entsetzt eine Fratze.
Es kam der Tag—und auch zwei Herren.	"Hört Ihr mal auf zu lachen so.
Wir waren erstaunt—mussten's doch	So bald es fertig, müsst Ihr go!"
bearen!	<i>Apologies to the Katzenjammer Kids.</i>

Epitaph

*Lines on a favorite ice-cream scoop carelessly lost on the green
on May 5th, 1928*

I saw a disc upon the grass,
I thought it was the moon.
I looked again and saw it was
A tiny wooden spoon.

“Pray, tell me, little Scoop,” I said,
“What makes you look so worn?
Your face has lost the bloom of youth,
Your posture is forlorn.”

“My tale is sad,” the spoon replied,
“ ’Twill make you shed a tear.
Here on this chilly ground I’ve lain
Four seasons of a year.

“Fair sunshine graced the day on which
I made my first début.
Fair maidens capered on the green,
’Twas sure a sight to view.

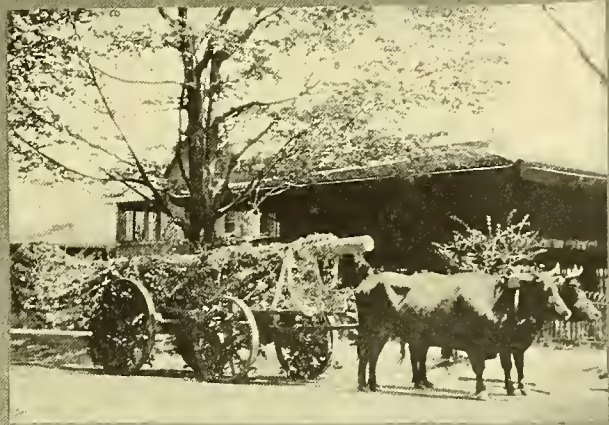
“Two oxen passed, a maypole rose
Amidst a merry shout.
The dancers tripped o’er this same grass
Till they were quite worn out.

“A hot hand grasped me ’round the throat,
A cold load pressed my blade,
And back and forward I began
To move, nor ever stayed.

“At last I fell upon the grass,
My comrades fell around,
But they were gathered up, alas,
And I was never found.”

I raised the little spoon aloft,
I took it to the hall
And put it in a Trophy Case
To be admired by all.

The moral of the tale is this:
The spoon will be to you
A model as to what to use
In Nineteen-Thirty-two.



MAY FOURTH AND FIFTH, NINETEEN TWENTY-EIGHT



SOME OF OUR YOUNG MEN ABOUT TOWN, AND



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ALWAYS GRACIOUS INSPIRATIONS TO HARD-WORKING GIRLS

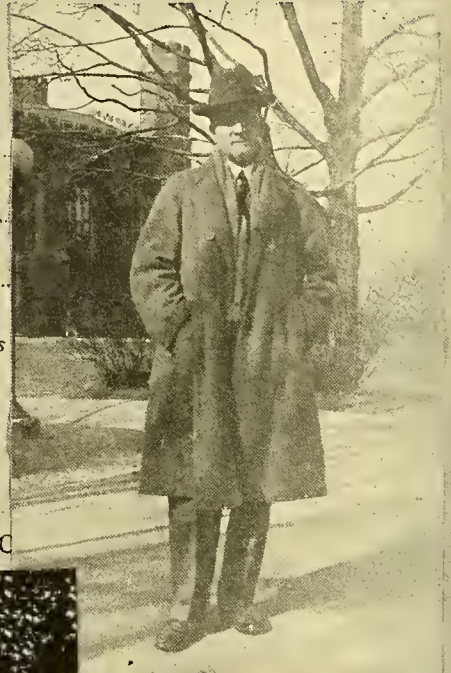


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SHOWING THAT FAMILY LIFE *DOES* FLOURISH EVEN IN THE LIMELIGHT OF
THE LAMP OF LEARNING



Intimations of Miasma or Lines on a Window-Sill

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That broods upon its pains and ills,
When all at once I saw a crowd
Of milk bottles on my window-sills.
As numerous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line,
Some white, some blue, some going gray.
The fish for dinner smelled, but they
Outdid the festering fish in smell;
Ambitious to be cottage cheese,
They played their part and played it well.
I gazed and gazed, but soon the strain
Became a lot too much for me:
A poet could not long remain
In such a sour company.
And oft when on my couch I lie,
I've wondered how (and wondering shivered)
I thought 'twould help the inward I
For daily milk to be delivered.



Graduating With Honor

<i>European Fellow (Summa Cum Laude)</i>	
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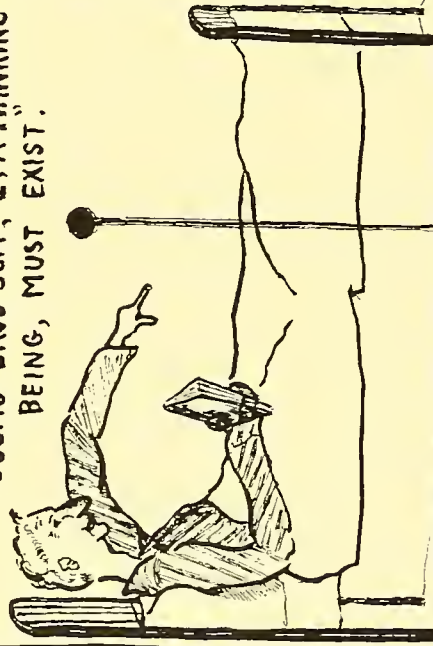
Lines Composed a Few Yards Above the Power House

April 1, 1929

Four years have passed; four summers half the length
Of four long winters! and again I hear
Old Taylor's bell, and from the power house
The siren shrieking one o'clock.—Again
Do I behold these black and rusty gowns,
These berets limp, and these Bavarian hats.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, on this populated hill, and view
The tennis courts, and gain a coat of tan,
And think upon these wasted years: the dull
Routine, the dreary halls, the musty books,
And everything in life that I have missed.

For I have learned
To look on college, not as in the hour
Of thoughtful youth, but seeing oftentimes
How more each year we lose the power to think,
And sink into our academic rut,
Leading a safe, unintellectual life,
Whose pleasures are: the racing hockey game,
And the gay Seville, and the College Inn,
And contract bridge, but never of the mind. . . .

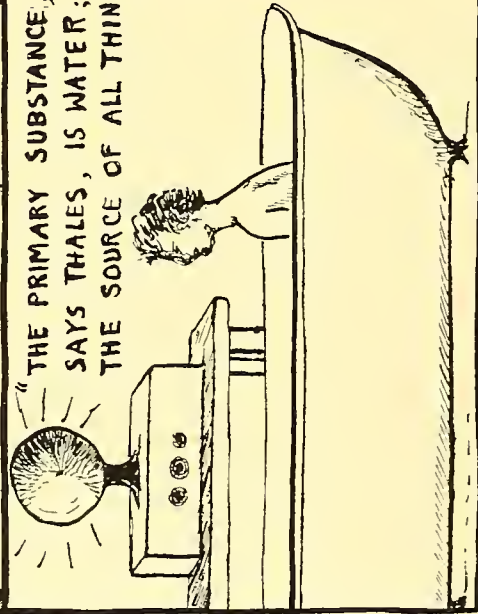
"COGITO ERGO SUM", I, A THINKING
BEING, MUST EXIST.



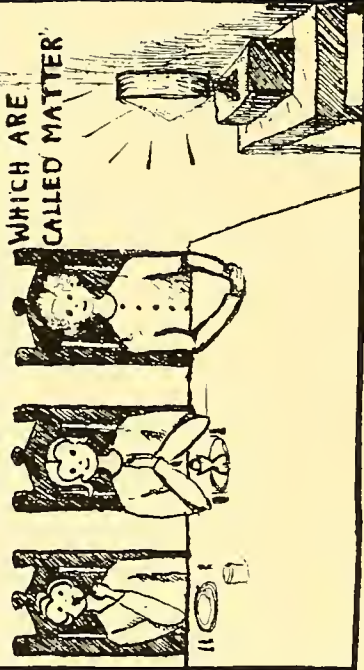
"TRUTH IS MORE BEAUTIFUL UN-
DRAPED"



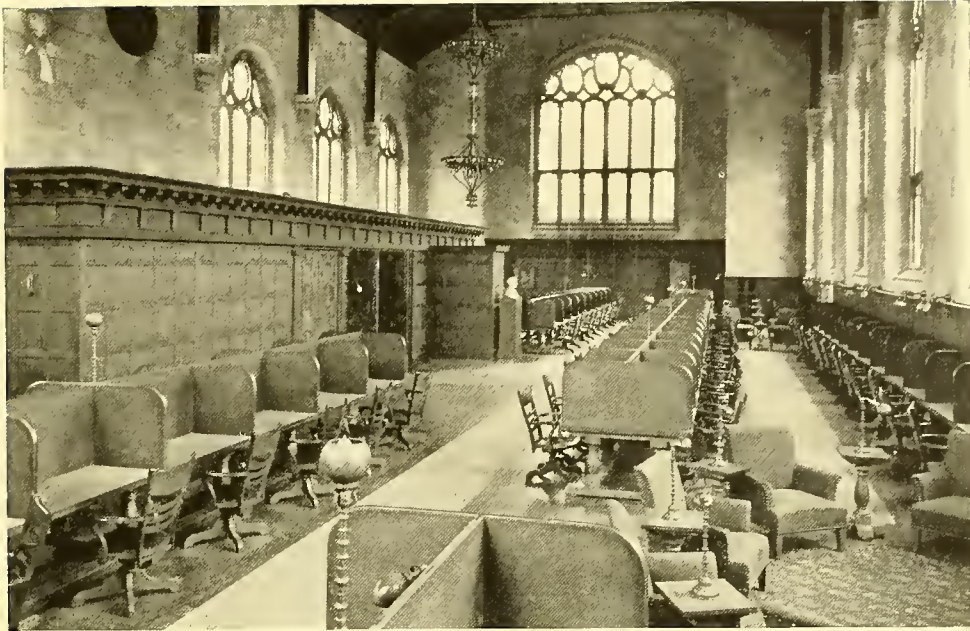
"THE PRIMARY SUBSTANCE,
SAYS THALES, IS WATER;
THE SOURCE OF ALL THINGS."



"TWO ASPECTS OF EVERY
SUBSTANCE: AN EGG IS A 'FORM'
BUT IT ALSO HAS POTENTIALITIES
WHICH ARE
CALLED 'MATTER'



PROBLEMS OF THE EIGHT O'CLOCK CLASS SOLVED



Above you see the Reading Room, a palatial and airy chamber where many wise and otherwise moments can and have been passed. The chairs are perhaps a shade too period for utter comfort but the acoustics are practically perfect. "The desks are screened to the height of two feet to secure privacy for the reader" says our catalogue. Which may be taken in two ways.



And here we have the New Book Room, and a charming place it is too. More than East and West meet here. Says the catalogue "it is open for the Faculty at all hours of day and night." Isn't this a wee bit risky?

Unrequired Exercise for Seniors

OR HOW WE BROKE THE RECORD FROM THE PIKE TO PEM

I sprang from my seat, so did Betsy and Bee;
I galloped, they galloped, we galloped all three.
Twenty-five past ten said the watch on my wrist;
Hell's bells, to leave now ere Greta had been kissed!
But steeling our hearts we relinquished the rest,
And out through the arcade we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place.
We raced to the curb; just then flashed the red light;
We swerved between trucks as we flew in full flight;
The cop at the corner almost had a fit,
But traffic roared on and we weren't hurt a bit.

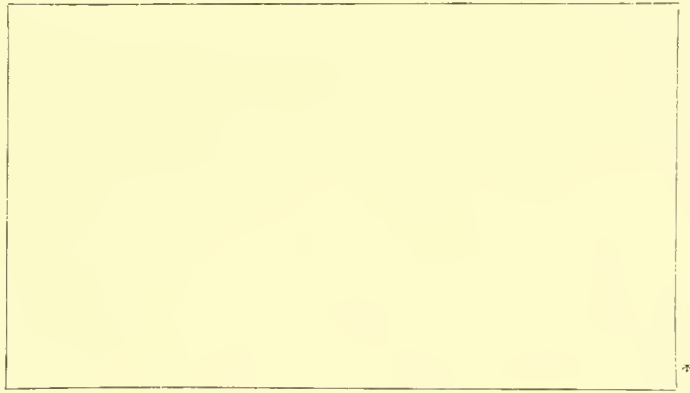
Moore's windows were dark, Wallace snored in his bed;
We bored through thick blackness as onwards we sped;
Whizzing through the station we all were aghast
To see the big clock marking twenty-eight past;
And from Taylor Tower we heard not the half-chime,
So Betsy broke silence with "Yet there is time!"

By Shipley Bee groaned; and cried, "Wait half a sec!
My wind is all gone and I'm a complete wreck."
We slowed up a bit for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the agonized face and the staggering knees;
As gasping and stumbling we plunged up the street,
Loud echoed the thunder of our flying feet.

Against the cold stars a quaint spire sprang white;
"Gallop," gasped Betsy, "for the goal is in sight!"
And all I remember is friends flocking round;
We were laid on the couch and water was found.
Keys jangled, the door clanged, but all this was nil
For we'd made it in just five minutes from the vill.

Announcement Posted in the Faculty Cloak Room

“We undertake to teach the rudiments of swimming to any member of the faculty, from the bottom up, on Wednesday evenings, in the gymnasium tank.”



*We leave this space for you to draw your own conclusions in. Our illustrator felt frankly unequal to the task.

OUR INTELLIGENTSIA. NO. 5

Gee-gee—"You must be more familiar with the Gospel in this course."

Agraphia—"You mean *Mr.* Berenson?"



BUBBLES

NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE must have been a charming aggregation of young things when it started, for sixteen from the dazzling total were early snatched away into matrimony. The implication as to the amount of charm still left is harsh.

All statistics are dull but marriage statistics are duller. In fact the 1929 marriage statistics are downright depressing. If 1-6 of our class is already married and only 50 per cent of B. M. graduates ever marry at all (as the *Cosmopolitan* cruelly will have it) find X. In other words $\frac{2}{3}$ of those of us who are left are doomed to eternal spinsterhood. The facts of life are always bitter, but they must be faced. We recommend immediate subscription to one of these "Marriage Magazines" between whose covers a "lonely" girl can be almost sure of meeting a "fine clean chap" who will provide her with a home and happiness.

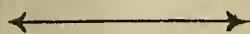
A worthy attempt was made to secure pictures of all our sixteen proud wives with their other halves, and quarters, and all other sundry fractions. Only five found time in the midst of their domestic preoccupations to reply. "Soapy" Casteel's young prodigy named "Bubbles" is our nearest approach to a class baby. We suppose we should have voted it a silver spoon to have in its mouth when born, but consider the staggering amount of our class dues as it is. Anyway we give "Bubbles" the place of honor on this page devoted to honor and conjugal bliss.



"SOAPY" CASTEEL

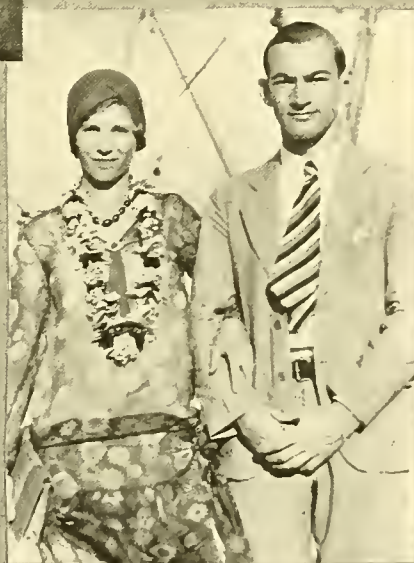


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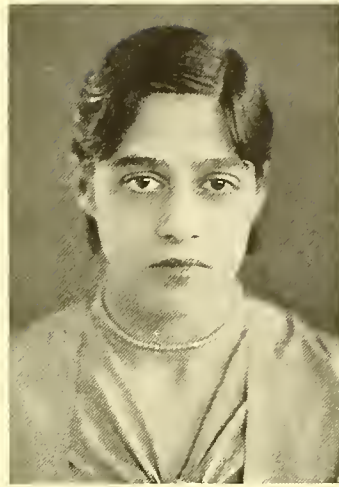


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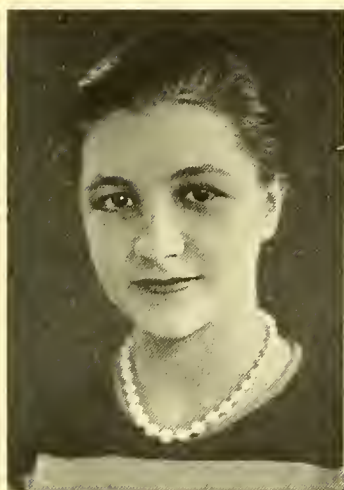
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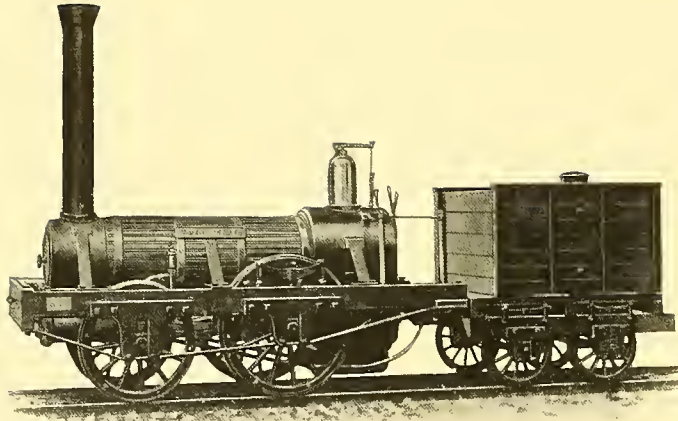
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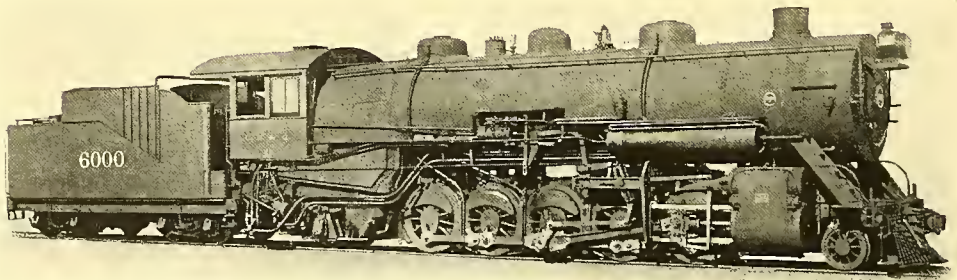
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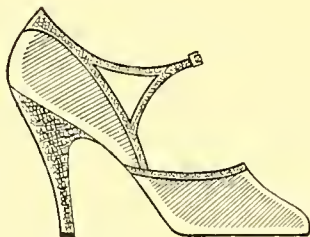
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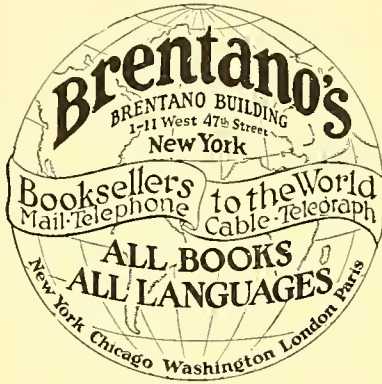
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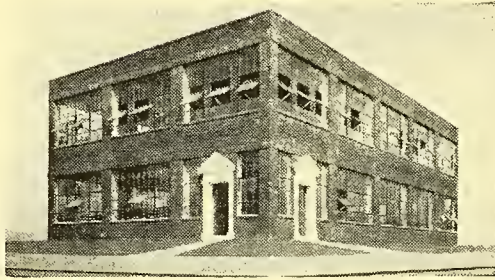
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